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head and shoulders, like Saul, above the ordinary stature of even thinking and capable and true-hearted men. Enthusiastic, poetic, eloquent, he attracted and charmed those who came within his circle. And, beyond all this, he was of the very few whom to know is to love, the closer intimacy with him rendering that love more fervent and more fully satisfied. During fifteen years that I have had the honor and the happiness of Page's friendship I have never found a flaw in his noble nature nor ought to lessen my profoundest admiration and regard.

W. J. LINTON.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., November, 1885.

### A VALUABLE ART INDUSTRY.

**M**R. CHARLES VOLKMAR, who has been for five years making a desperate and unflinching effort to establish the artistic production of Limoges underglaze in America, has, in the face of the most disheartening difficulties, won his way to at least the promise of victory. At his pottery Mr. Volkmar now has some underglaze panels of a quality which, upon their exhibition this winter, will create a decided sensation unless the public taste is absolutely brutalized. A Baltimorean by birth, the son of a painter of repute, and a pupil of the great French landscapist, Harpignies, Mr. Volkmar devoted himself to the study of underglaze while residing and studying abroad. He went so far in his zeal as to serve as a laborer in one of the great French potteries in order to acquire its secrets. For some years he produced ware of the highest order at Paris, and could have remained and built up a permanent establishment there, but he conceived the idea that the field in America was a richer one to work, and came home to work it. The result was a heroic battle with adversity, handicapped as he was by lack of a business opening for the products of his art, which passed into the hands of connoisseurs who appreciated their value at prices highly advantageous to the buyer. But widening connections and enhanced facilities for production have overcome the original difficulties which beset him. His recent productions exhibit a degree of decorative beauty and a perfection of glaze excelling the best of his earlier work, and only lacking the foreign stamp to pass commercially current for acknowledged masterpieces.—*The Art Age*.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

**T**HE illustrations to this number of THE ART UNION begin with a frontispiece drawing by Mr. Wm. H. Lippincott, provided along with the other illustrations to the article describing his studio especially for this issue of our Magazine. Mr. Lippincott affords complete and worthy examples of his art in these drawings. The Tile Club is illustrated by its members, as is the article on the Artists' Fund Society. Mr. Ranger contributes the spirited sketches to the note upon his exhibition, and the magnificent specimens from Mr. Shirlaw's illustration to "The Hermit" are published through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. T. B. Lippincott & Co. The illustrations to Burnet's invaluable essay are reproduced in *fac simile* from those in the original volume.

### SOME LOCAL EXHIBITIONS.

One of the most interesting individual exhibitions of etchings ever held in this country, is that of the works of Herman Haig, given this month in the gallery of Messrs. Wunderlich & Co. The display includes all of the great architectural etchers' work that can be got together. The earliest of Mr. Haig's etchings are dated 1871. There is one, a small plate, entitled Holyrood, bearing that date, and marked by him in pencil as his first etching. It is an insignificant and amateurish work, but within two years, in 1873, we find him making studies on the same ground full of vigor and with excellent finish. Holyrood, Melrose and Jedburgh furnished him with material in the years 1877, 1878 and 1879, in which his advancement in technique and power may be progressively noted. In 1879 he was on the Continent, making the first of those architectural studies for which he is now famous. From 1880 began his series of magnificent translations of historic architecture which have themselves become historical. He sought for material everywhere, from his native Sweden and the Hanse towns down to France, Spain and Italy, and wherever he found his subject the alchemy of his art gave it a lease of immortality. Over forty plates are catalogued for the exhibition, and impressions of the destroyed plates are also shown.

According to *To-Day*, there is in preparation by Frederick Keppel & Co., of this city, an exhibition of the etchings of Charles Meryon, sailor, engraver, and the greatest etcher of his time, which ended with his death in 1868, at the age of forty-seven. Meryon's etchings are to-day more precious than gold. Yet, neglected by the public and abandoned to despair, this artist, whose works now represent a fortune, went mad and starved himself to death in the Charenton Asylum. In the frenzy of his lunacy Meryon destroyed many of his finest works. What remains of his plates give us the old Paris, which was being Haussmannized out of existence even while he beat the walls of the madhouse with his despairing hands, and in historical as in artistic value are almost priceless.

THE Art Students' League gave a very interesting exhibition of pictures, sketches and studies by its professors, on the evening of Saturday, Oct. 31st. Messrs. Shirlaw, Chase, Eakins, Beckwith, Cox, Alden Weir, Blashfield and Sartain were well represented. The attendance was large, and almost as interesting as the display itself.

On Friday, Oct. 30th, an interesting exhibition of black-and-white drawings, obtained through the courtesy of Mr. Charles Parsons, of Harpers, was made at the Gotham Art Students' rooms. Messrs. Abbey, Reinhart, Parsons, Pyle, Church, Millet and others were represented at their best, in a field they have made essentially their own.

### THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES.

**T**HE fall exhibition at the American Art Galleries opened on November 2d with an exhibition of works by American artists at home and abroad. The pictures number a few over 400, and there are four works of sculpture, which include a couple of portrait busts by Samuel Thompson and a bronze of a Pompeian Water Boy, by J. Edwin Elwell, an original figure, spirited and well worked out, with, however, more picturesqueness than grace. There is not a great picture in the galleries, but there are a number of good as well as a number of extremely poor ones. The strongest of our older painters are strikingly conspicuous in the display by their absence, and much of the work shown, while it may not have been exhibited before, might have just as well remained in modest retirement. The first gallery is given up principally to pictures sent from the American colony in Paris. They are important as to size chiefly and in most cases a great deal of canvas has been wasted on very little subject. The four \$250 prizes to be awarded to the water colors have not drawn forth as extensive a response in the way of exhibits as might have been expected. Still, this branch of the exhibition holds some strong and interesting works. The addition of the galleries made since last spring give them some picturesque nooks and corners, and a charming large gallery, broken by a Moorish arch, in which the water colors are shown. The exhibition is catalogued in a tasteful pamphlet, without illustrations or prices.

### THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.

**P**HILADELPHIA, November 7th.—There are 645 numbers in the catalogue of the present exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. These include works in oil and water colors, black and white, etchings and sculpture. The "Omar Khayyam" drawings of Elihu Vedder form part of the display. Altogether this, the fifty-sixth annual exhibition of the Academy, is held under more favorable auspices and promises to be more successful than any which have preceded it for a number of years. The differences which had existed between the Academy directors and the artist fraternity have ceased to exist—the grievances of which either side complained having been adjusted and put aside—and we are treated to the remarkable spectacle of an Academy exhibition managed by a committee composed entirely of artists. This is a notable circumstance, and, as marking the spirit in which the former differences have been settled, it deserves emphasis. The directors have removed, by this plan, the last vestige of a grievance which it was possible for the artists to entertain, while the artists, by abandoning their separate exhibition and devoting their entire energies to the promotion of the interests of the academy, have accomplished all that professional influence could to attract to its walls the best work of the studios of other cities, as well as Philadelphia—for naturally, during the period of the differences, the sympathies of the profession at large were with the Society of Artists.

What strikes the observer in the galleries is the fact that not only is the general impression extremely good—very little fault is to be found with the hanging—and not only is the general average of merit rather high than otherwise, but that nearly all of our own painters here at home are seen at their very best. Mr. Lambdin, for instance, never did better than in this small picture with two figures, full of the softness of summer twilight and the tender glow of the new moon, or the study landscape of a gentleman, further on. Nor Mr. Craig, than in this large, strong landscape in the farther room, with its dark, rich masses of foliage against a sky of wonderful brilliancy. Nor Mr. Sword, in these rocks at Newport, nor Miss Cecilia Beaux, in the exquisite portrait of a woman and child which hangs close by.

Mr. Alexander Harrison is sure to come in for a fair share of the visitor's attention, as he has done at every recent exhibition. This huge canvas stops you at the very threshold, and demands a hearing before you tire yourself out with the other pictures. The painting, as painting, is very masterly, more masterly, I think, than anything Mr. Harrison has ever shown here before, but he is not quite at his best in it, after all. The skill with which the infinitely subtle gradations of color are managed in the waste of stretching sand would excuse indulgence in a good deal of canvas, but really there ought to be a limit somewhere. Mr. Harrison has imposed none at all in this acre of picture.

Mr. Bruce Crane never appeared to better advantage than in the fine autumn landscape in the western gallery, perhaps the best landscape in the collection, and Mr. Hovenden has seldom shown finer qualities than those which characterize his "And the Harbor Bar is Moaning," which hangs nearly opposite. Simple and solid in its masterly technique, deep and true in the passion which it embodies, there is no better work here than this. The sitting figure in the foreground is not up to the rest; the dependence on the model is a little too apparent; the passion of the picture hardly extends to her: but the standing figure, with its unconventional vigor, and the one crouched in the dark beyond—there could hardly be anything better than these. And there is beautiful work by Charles Sprague Pearce and two bright performances by Bridgeman; strong, healthy painting, which marks a decided improvement over any of their former work, by Harry Poore and James P. Kelly and Leon Delachaux, and some capital cattle by Mrs. Hovenden and by C. L. Pierce; work characteristically brilliant by Kirkpatrick and Lippincott and Blashfield; and some very artistic things, marking perhaps the extreme of cleverness, by Walter Shirlaw and J. McClure Hamilton.

It is impossible at this writing to do more than call attention to the conspicuous merit which distinguishes the contributions of several, to me, quite new men, notably that of Mr. M. A. Wolff, whose "How it all Happened" is perhaps the best piece of story-telling here; and those by Mr. William Bailey Faxon and Mr. G. R. Barse. Of the vigorous work of Mr. H. T. Cariss, Mr. Burr H. Nichols and Mr. Clifford P. Grayson; the water colors and pastels, especially those of Miss Cassatt and Mr. Robert Arthur; of the very beautiful etchings of Mr. Peter Moran, Miss Blanche Dillaye, Miss Edith L. Pierce and others; as well as of the designs for illustrations by Mr. F. B. Schell, and other work in the black and white room, a department unusually strong this year—the original drawings for Vedder's superb illustrations of the "Rubaiyat" occupying one entire wall—I hope to speak in a later letter.

The works of sculpture include several portraits by Katherine M. Cohen, Augustus St. Gaudens' fine bronze bas-relief of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Wiehaus' portrait bust of President Garfield, and the collection of Indian and animal sculptures by Edward Kemeys, originally exhibited in New York a couple of years ago. Mr. Kemeys' art has a rude and picturesque vigor, without overmuch finish. But his creations breathe the rugged and savage spirit of the wildwood, which with more polished execution they might lack.

X. Y. Z.